# A COLLECTION OF POEMS and TRANSLATIONS, In ENGLISH and LATIN.

By *THOMAS HULL.*

*Agedum! pauca accipe* ——
*Primùm ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse Poëtis,*
*Excerpam numero: neque enim concludere versum,*
*Dixeris esse satis; neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,*
*Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse Poëtam.*

HOR. Sat. iv. Lib. 1. L. 38.

——For my own Part,
I claim no Portion of the Poet's Art;
'Tis not enough to close the flowing Line,
And in ten Syllables your Sense confine,
Or write in meer prosaic Rhimes like me,
That can deserve the Name of Poetry.

FRANCIS's Transl.

*BATH:*

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR; AND SOLD BY HIM AT TUCKER'S CHINA SHOP, IN THE CHURCH-YARD; AND Mr. LEAKE, AND Mr. FREDERICK, BOOK-SELLERS; STEPHEN MARTIN, PRINTER: AND Mr. PALMER, AND Mr. WARD, BOOKSELLERS, IN BRISTOL.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the RIGHT HONORABLE

# LORD *BOYD.*

MY LORD,

IT has been ever advanced by all who have understood the World, that a great Man never distinguishes himself so much as in his Behavior and Countenance shewn to Inferiors; if so, YOUR LORDSHIP is certainly the most conspicuous Instance of the Truth of this Maxim, in thinking *me* worthy YOUR least Notice.

THE very grateful Sense I have of the Honor done me herein, I can never be able to express. Yet my utmost Pride, shall not influence me to run into the general Stile of Dedicators, in attemping an Encomium on YOUR LORDSHIP's Virtues. YOUR public Good-

Goodneſs cannot but be *injured* by ſuch a Pen as mine; and YOUR *private* is ſurely ſufficiently manifeſted, in condeſcending to ſmile on a young Writer, unknown to Merit as to Fame.

THE Publication of my Productions can, I am very certain, boaſt no Value, but what ariſes from YOUR LORDSHIP's having ſet YOUR Stamp on them; Yet whatever Reception they meet from the Public, the utmoſt Poignancy of Cenſure I ſhould always think amply over-ballanced by the Pride and Pleaſure of YOUR Permiſſion, to ſubſcribe myſelf, with the utmoſt Reſpect,

MY LORD,

*Your* LORDSHIP's

*Moſt obliged*

*and obedient Servant,*

Thomas Hull.

*THERE are two Kinds of Poetry to which no* PREFACE *is neceſſary; viz.* extreme good, *and* extreme bad. *The firſt requires none, and the laſt deſerves none: For the latter Reaſon I muſt entreat my very patient Readers to take Notice that this is an* APOLOGY, *which I think indiſpenſibly neceſſary, to obviate two Objections.*

*IN the firſt Place, to thoſe who may aſk* why I wrote, *(and to be ſure the Queſtion is highly rational and palpable) I anſwer, to employ my leiſure Hours in an Exerciſe which gives me Pleaſure, and does no one elſe any Injury.---And I might, no doubt, have found many Methods of Paſtime, that would not have amounted to ſo good a Purpoſe, as that of* doing no Harm.

*IN the ſecond Place, to thoſe who may aſk* why I publiſhed, *(and, by the Bye, this is a Queſtion more rational and palpable than the former) I anſwer that I had no other Means of convincing the World I ever employed my Time to any Purpoſe at all.*

*I am very ſenſible there may, and, certainly, will be ſeveral Witticiſms, ſmart Strokes of Raillery, and Satirical Similies,*

*on*

*on a raw, unfledg'd Poet; which indeed I could here inſert, but that I would, by no Means, be ſo ill-manner'd to my Readers as to take the Words out of their Mouths, or prevent their having their Laugh out.*

*HOWEVER, to be ſerious, I cannot in Gratitude conclude this Addreſs to the Public, without returning my beſt Thanks to my ſeveral Friends, who have ſo kindly contributed to the Publication of the enſuing trifling Performance. I have only to deſire they will take Notice that the* Paraphraſe on the Tenth Ode of Horace, the Card to Venus, and Ode to Cupid *are the Product of much better Pens than mine. My Reaſon for mentioning this is only to return their Authors Thanks for the Honor they have done me; and not to point out a Diſtinction, which muſt be ſo very obvious to every Capacity.*

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# POEMS
ON
# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

## ODE to EXPECTATION.

LET others curse thy heavy Sway,
Of dull Suspence, and cold Delay;
Complain of Absence' ling'ring Pain,
And Hope, for Years indulg'd in vain,
To me, as thou wert wont, appear,
Tell me but that *Amasia*'s near,
Fraught with the Prospect of that Blessing,
'Tis not expecting------but possessing.

COME, EXPECTATION! Haste to me,
Kind Parent of Credulity!

For ever put that Semblance on,
Appear like her, and her alone;
Before my Eyes her Image place,
Her Strength of Mind, her Bloom of Face:
Thine Aid will I for ay implore,
Thy Bounty bleſs, thy Pow'r adore.

WHAT could I not, with Patience, bear,
With Pleaſure, while I wait for her!
No Grief could feel while ſhe were nigh,
And Laughter wanton'd in her Eye;
Nor Pleaſure know, eſtrang'd to Joys,
Whene'er I hear *Amaſia*'s Sighs;
Nor any, any Danger fear,
So great----as that of loſing her.

YET it muſt be-----I'm doom'd to part,
To tear her from my Eyes, my Heart;
My ev'ry Hope, each Wiſh reſign,
And never, never call her mine.
----But is there none, no ſecret Way,
My Vows to waft, my Duty pay?
Friendſhip! Eſteem! Can none of theſe
Inſtruct an artleſs Swain to pleaſe?

Yet robb'd of the ſole Pow'r t'impart
The honeſt Meaning of my Heart,
How can I half its Feelings prove,
How? When I dare not mention Love?

YET fly, Deſpair! Suſpence, begone!
Your ſullen Empire I diſown;
With Tranſport ſtill I bow to thee,
Kind Parent of Credulity!
Benign, as erſt, do thou appear,
And Hope, and certain Joy is near.
Haſte, EXPECTATION, lovelieſt Friend,
Thy ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Influence lend:
The anxious, Heart-expanding Sigh,
That riſes when *Amaſia*'s nigh,
Which kindles all my Soul, to prove
Her Beauty's Force, the Pride of Love!
To view, to hear, to claſp her once again,
Were cheaply purchas'd with an Age of Pain.

## SONG.

LONG at thy Altar, God of Love,
I paid a double Duty;
A Slave to *Celia*'s Voice and Wit,
To *Chloe*'s Taſte and Beauty.

Fain would I fix my reſtleſs Heart,
While they, with awkward Feature,
Diſguiſe in Affectation's Maſque
The bounteous Gifts of Nature.

*Celia*, affecting Beauty's Grace,
Deſtroys her Senſe and Spirit,
And *Chloe*'s Charms, thro' fancy'd Wit,
Loſe all their wonted Merit.

While in their native Beauties deckt,
I can love both,-----or either,-----
But thus in borrow'd Airs diſguis'd,
I can be fond of neither.

Imitation

## Imitation of Part of the 3d Epode of *Horace*.

*Horrida Tempeſtas Cœlum contraxit*, &c.

NOW wintry Blaſts deform the Year---the Rain
Deſcends---faſt falls the fleeting Snow;
Bleak thro' the Woods the North-Winds blow,
And Storms and Tempeſts vex the angry Main.
From theſe let us a Warning take,
And learn of Life the moſt to make,
While *Youth*, *Health*, *Strength*, and *Follity* remain;
No more let ſullen Thoughts o'er caſt thy Brow,
But join, my Friend, the ſocial Board,
Let Mirth fly round! *Champagne*'s the Word!
When wrinkled Age appears, we'll ſober grow.

## SONG, to Miſs K---- B---- in Dublin.

FAIRER than the op'ning Lillies,
Freſher than the Morning Roſe,
Are the blooming Charms of *Phyllis*,
Richer Sweets does ſhe diſcloſe.

Long ſecure from *Cupid*'s Power,
Soft Repoſe had lull'd my Breaſt,
'Till, in one ſhort, fatal Hour,
She depriv'd my Soul of Reſt.

Child of Pleaſure and Vexation,
Fly, my Verſe, and paint my Flame;
Whiſper ſoft that tender Paſſion,
Which I muſt not, cannot name!
Lovely Fair, remove my Anguiſh,
Give my Soul her wonted Eaſe;
Since you've taught me how to languiſh,
Teach, oh! teach me how to pleaſe.

## To a Friend on his Marriage.

*Felices ter, & amplius,*
*Quos irrupta tenet Copula!* HORAT.

WHEN *Dignity* and *Titles* wed,
Shall Flatt'ry deck the *bridal Bed?*
When *Hymen*'s Torch muſt bluſh for Shame,
That only *Wealth* inſpires the Flame;

Or when the Muſe on *Beauty*'s pow'r
Attends, to grace a venal Hour,
To *ſuch* ſhall ſhe her Honors pay,
Yet none be found to grace *this* Day?
Shall no applauding Verſe be read,
When *Honeſty* and *Goodneſs* wed?

BE it then mine, and mine alone,
For once the *nuptial Rites* to crown!
Stranger to Flatt'ry, Lie, or Sneer,
My Commendation is ſincere;
And ſure the Verſe you may commend,
Altho' the Poet be---a FRIEND.

PURSUE, *bleſt Pair*, the fond Regard,
Each other's Virtues to reward.
Eternal Joys ſhall on ye wait,
Unknown to *Titles*, *Wealth*, or *State*;
Now *Titles*, *Wealth*, and *State* ſhall bend,
O'ercome by *Huſband*, *Conſort*, *Friend!*
Such are the *Titles* that reward
Unſpotted Truth, and firm Regard.
*Wealth* too your Bleſſings ſhall approve;
Undying *Peace*, immortal *Love!*

Such *Wealth* as this to ye is lent;
And when ſhall *Love*'s rich Store be ſpent?
*State* too----the higheſt ſhall ye know,
VIRTUE---our higheſt State below!

To crown your Happineſs, the Muſe
With Wiſh ſincere the Verſe purſues.
" May Faith, Affection, and Eſteem,
" Be ever your delighted Theme!
" May Satisfaction be your Bed,
" Content, a Pillow for the Head!
" While in each others Arms ye lie,
" May Love cloſe up the ſlumb'ring Eye!
" And may each new-revolving Sun
" Improve the *Bliſs*, which this begun!"

## O D E.

YOUNG *Corydon* for lovely *Phyllis* burn'd,
The gen'rous Nymph his ardent Wailings mourn'd.
The nuptial Tye her warmer Thoughts confin'd;
Still ſome Emotions flutter'd in her Mind;

The

The wily Youth had touch'd her tender Breaſt,
When ſmiling ſoft the Swain ſhe thus addreſt.

Ceaſe, fond Youth, no Pray'r ſhall move
My ſoften'd Soul to guilty Love:
Thoſe paſſionate Complaints give o'er,
Comply----or ne'er behold me more.
My Rage yet Pity diſapproves,
Some Pow'r o'erſways, but 'tis not Love's;
Be Paſſion loſt in Friendſhip's Flame!
Approach me with that ſacred Name,
And ev'ry virtuous Bleſſing claim.

Such kind Expreſſions, ſuch endearing Terms
Who dares miſconſtrue what dire Luſt alarms!
---The am'rous Youth her Fondneſs miſapply'd:
Inflam'd with fierce Deſire! And warmly ſigh'd,

*Friendſhip*, alas, in Breaſts like mine
Dominion ne'er can own:
Where *rebel Love* holds uncontroul'd
A firm, unſhaken Throne;
Come, let me fold thee in my Arms,
Secure from ev'ry Eye;
Pour forth my Soul in Rapture's Heat,
And on thy Boſom die!

THE virtuous Nymph in conſcious Grief and Fear
Mourn'd ſilently, yet dropt a ſpeaking Tear.
Struck with Remorſe, he ſaw the piercing Sign
Of Heav'n-born Innocence, and Truth divine.
Sorrow and Shame his erring Boſom ſtung,
And half-broke Accents faulter'd on his Tongue.
She ſaw with Pleaſure his repentant Grief,
And thus beſpoke, to give his Soul Relief.

How bleſt I am, no Tongue can prove,
In ſuch ſuperior Force to move,
And heal thy frantic Breaſt!
Such Virtue, Tenderneſs, and Truth,
What Pow'r could harm? (return'd the Youth)
He look'd, and ſigh'd the reſt.

Remorſe and Wonder held them ſilent long;
Then Joy burſt forth ſpontaneous in their Song.

Matchleſs the Youth, who, timely wiſe,
Can Paſſion's Faults retrieve!
Matchleſs the Fair, who kindly tries,
Thoſe Errors to forgive!

Hence

Hence ſhall each meaner Boſom learn
How *Virtue*'s Pow'r can move,
How infelt *Goodneſs* awes the Soul,
And *Friendſhip* conquers Love.

## SONG of VERTUMNUS imitated.

*What beauteous Scenes inchant my Sight*, &c.

PULCHRA quæ coram video & venuſta!
Brachia expandens generoſa vitis
Ecce quam forti placidoque nexu
*Jungitur ulmo!*

Umbra non ulmus ſterilis videtur,
Vitis aſt uvis onerata circum;
Verreret terram, niſi opem tuliſſet,
*Vitis et ipſa.*

Te, *Chloe*, hoc utinam moveat jugali
Conjugem fidum ſociare vinc'lo!
Quid ferant verò ſeniumque curæque
*Inſpice cauta.*

Nota

Nota ſors felix, tibi ſit voluptas
Nota, te exardet Deus ipſe veris;
Proteget ſaltus virides Deus, qui
*Præſidet anno.*

Dum flagrant flammis alii caducis,
Illius conſtans amor uſque durat;
Illius fidum repares amorem
*Mutuo amore.*

Nulla ſic brumæ, nivis atque diræ
Vis ferox veris minuet decorem;
Arbor et nullis violata ventis
*Quæque vigebit.*

# A PARAPHRASE on PSALM 46.

I.

BE Thou, O LORD, my Refuge in Diſtreſs,
My Stay in Trouble, and Support in Pain:
So ſhall Adverſity's Aſſaults be leſs,
And hoſtile Arrows ſpend their Force in vain.

II.

What tho' the Earth from her Foundations riſe,
The Hills upturn'd be caſt into the Sea:
And Mountains ſhake to hear the Tempeſt's Voice,
Unmov'd I ſtand---my Truſt I place in Thee.

III.

Tho' Ocean rage, and foaming Billows roar,
Secure, O Lord, thy great Tribunal's plac'd;
For, at thy Nod, the Billows ſwell no more,
The Earth is firm, the Mountains are at reſt.

IV.

Terror, avaunt!---Danger is far from hence,
A guiltleſs Conſcience forms it's own Reward;
The mighty Lord of Hoſts is my Defence,
The God of *Jacob* my Retreat and Guard.

V.

Come, and behold the Wonders of his Hand,
Lo! now Deſtruction reigns, and Battle's Ire---
Now the War's huſht--Spears break at his Command,
And Chariots crackle in conſuming Fire.

VI.

Then free, my Soul, from Terror and Suſpence,
Await with Patience the divine Award;
The mighty Lord of Hoſts is thy Defence,
The God of *Jacob* thy Retreat and Guard.

# PASTORAL.

I.

WHILE the clear Brook in prattling Murmurs play'd,
And Solitude adorn'd the pleaſing Shade,
Blythe *Corydon* breath'd forth his glowing Joy---
Ye Swains, attend---thus ſung the am'rous Boy.

II.

No more to *Fancy*'s Dreams the Notes belong,
Nor weak Ideas feebly tune my Tongue;
No more Invention's Aid the Muſe requires,
Or faint Conception's momentary Fires;

'Tis

III.

'Tis Gratitude inſpires my raviſh'd Heart,
And Virtue's Charms true Sentiments impart.
To my *Amaſia*'s Ear the Notes belong,
Sweet are the Strains, if ſhe approve my Song.

IV.

How bleſt am I, to ſee the Nymph I love
Liſt to my Converſe, and my Flame approve!
Who ſcorns the Trifler's Praiſe, the Flatt'rer's Art,
Humbly content to take an honeſt Heart.

V.

The painted Roſe, that blooms on Beauty's Face,
The damaſk Lip, and every ſpecious Grace;
What ſolid Joys, alas, can theſe impart,
If unattended with a ſpotleſs Heart?

VI.

Wherefore did Heav'n the female Race ſupply
With each gay Luſtre that attracts the Eye,
Unleſs the fair Appearance was deſign'd
The Habitation of a fairer Mind?

VII.

Is there, who doubts the Truth of what I ſay,
Who thinks all female Charms will ſoon decay?---
In ſweet *Amaſia*'s Aſpect let him ſee
What Beauty is, and Virtue ought to be.

VIII.

Behold the blooming Cheek! (O Joy to look!)
Has not the Roſe her native Bed forſook?
---Then read her Mind---examine it with Care;
Say, is not ev'ry ſhining Virtue there?

IX.

Such are the Charms that in her Boſom ſhine,
Where Chaſtity and Truth, and Candour join;
Charms, that ne'er fade---but hourly will improve
*Amaſia*'s Charms---and who can blame my Love?

V.

## The Tenth ODE of the ſecond Book of HORACE, imitated.

*Rectius vives, Licini, &c.*

I.

DEAR Friend, thy ſteddy Life muſt happieſt prove,
If thou nor raſhly tempt the angry Main;
Nor, when embark'd, each riſing Gale can move
Thy purpos'd Soul to make the Port again.

Whoe'er

II.

Whoe'er the golden Medium wiſely keeps,
And timely flies Ambition's giddy State;
Exempt from ſordid Want ſecurely ſleeps,
Exempt from envy'd Trappings of the Great.

III.

The Cloud-capt Tow'rs a wider Ruin ſpread,
The Pine full oft the Tempeſt's Rage endures;
And dreadful Lightnings blaſt the Hill's high Head,
From which, Humility the Vale ſecures.

IV.

When fickle Fortune ſmiles, the ſteady Mind
Still fears each Hour an adverſe Stroke may bring;
Hopes, when ſhe frowns, ſome happier Lot behind,
The Pow'r, who ſends the Winter, ſends the Spring.

V.

Tho' ruthleſs Fate reject our preſent Pray'rs,
It's ſtern Decrees in Time may milder grow---
*Phœbus* oft joins the Muſes' ſprightly Airs,
Nor always bends his peſtilential Bow.

VI.

Boldly do thou, my Friend, with Heart prepar'd,
Stem the ſtrong Current of Adverſity:
But, when Proſperity's full Gales blow hard,
Reef, Reef betimes---nor truſt the Fallacy.

# A CARD to VENUS.

## In imitation of the Thirtieth ODE, of the firſt Book of HORACE.

*O Venus, Regina Cnidi* &c.

COME Venus, come, and make us bleſt,
Mine, and my *Chloe*'s welcome Gueſt!
What tho' thy *Cyprus* ſhould repine,
While in our happy Seat you ſhine,
Our happy Seat ſhall grateful prove,
And Incenſe ſhall reward thy Love.
Haſte, and bring thy am'rous Boy,
And with him each attendant Joy,
Youth, and her thouſand Charms, that lye
In dimpled Cheek, or laughing Eye;
Wit, whom the Pow'r of Beauty moves,
And Beauty, which true Wit approves.---
We'll make, if with this Train you come,
Of *Chloe*'s Houſe the *Graces*' Home.

A TRANS-

# A TRANSLATION.

*As* Chloe *on Flowers reclin'd o'er the Stream, &c.*

I.

FLORIBUS inclinans Fluvii ſub Margine pictis,
Plorabat lachrymans *Thyrſida* mæſta *Chloe*;
Diſtribuere etſi Sertumque & ventus Odores,
Haud Requies Pectus Virginis ulla fovet.

II.

Curſu præcipiti fallax elabitur Amnis,
Et fluctus ripæ vix tetigere torum;
Perfida blanditiis en! vafritieque decora,
Inſidias referunt Flumina, *Thyrſi*, tuas.

III.

Qui leni nuper ſpirabat flamine Ventus,
Cæcat nunc atris Imbribus, ecce, diem!
Leniter ut ſpirans, ut tempeſtate laborans,
Sic *Thryſis* placidus, ſic rabieque tumens.

IV.

Floribus excerptis, gemmáto Germine pictis,
Virginis ante pedes, heu! decus omne perit;
*Thyrſida* disjunctum referunt, cum perdita forma eſt,
Præſentemque refert *Thyrſida* forma recens.

Expes,

V.

Expes, ecce, *Chloe* rabie jam concita ſurgit,
A pedibuſque furens languida ſerta jacit ;
Dimittit fluvio lachrymas, ſuſpiria Ventis,
Et temere exclamat " perfide *Thyrſi*, vale!"

VI.

Ira tamen qualis!---*Thyrſis* quando obvius ibat,
Diſpulit en! nubes Solis Imago micans!
Diſpulit en! *Phœbus* languorem floribus!---iram,
Adveniens *Thyrſis* diſpulit atque *Chloes*.

## *To* AMASIA,

With a FAN, whereon was repreſented CUPID with his Bow bent, and APOLLO behind directing him where to ſhoot.

I.

THYRSIS, who ne'er had felt Love's Smart,
Or *Cupid*'s Pow'r confeſt,
Once to *Apollo* made his Court,
And thus his Pray'r addreſt.

II.

Bright Pow'r, from thee, and only thee,
I'll deign to take my Doom ;
Thy Wiſdom muſt with Beauty join,
Ere I can be o'ercome.

Beauty

III.

Beauty alone is but a Glaſs,
Wherein an Image ſhines,
Which pleaſes only when we're near,
But when we're gone, declines.

IV.

Give me the Nymph, whoſe Mind is bright,
And perfect as her Face:
Where Senſe improves what Beauty gave,
And heightens ev'ry Grace.

V.

Such only merits my Regard,
And can my Paſſion move;
Shew me *this* Fair, with Joy I'll own,
I'll feel the Force of Love.

VI.

" Such Worth, (reply'd the God) alone
" *Amaſia* can impart;
" See *Venus* reigning in her Eyes,
" *Apollo* in her Heart!"

## *To the* SAME.

WHILE thus in ſcorching Fires I burn,
*Amaſia* doubts the ardent Flame;
What, tho' in ſilent Grief I mourn,
Each Heart-felt Sigh breathes forth her Name.
O could my Pray'rs inſpire her Heart
To feel the Rapture ſhe beſtows!—
Yet how can I my Pains impart,
When Honor, Virtue are my Foes?

Yes---ſo extravagant my Flame,
All Obſtacles it can remove;
Honor and Virtue, ceaſe your Claim,
What, what are ye, alas, to Love?

In vain do *Sophiſts* preach that Heav'n,
Has Charms conceal'd from mortal View;
They know not what a Pledge was giv'n;
They ne'er, *Amaſia*, gaz'd on you.

Then, in this Extaſy of Pain,
Bid me not from your Sight retreat,
Let me one heav'nly Smile obtain,
And breath my Ardors at your Feet.

May

May ſoft Compaſſion melt your Heart,
To eaſe the Agonies I feel!---
In vain I try their Force t'impart;
They're more than Language can reveal.

O, then behold my dying Eyes,
This trickling Tear my Pains may prove;
Or read in theſe Heart-rending Sighs,
Silence is eloquent in Love.

Since, tho' your Cruelty can kill,
Your Tenderneſs can bid me live;
Then Mercy's ſoft Commands fulfil,
And if you cannot bleſs---forgive.

By Nature to the *Indian*'s ſhewn,
An Antidote for pois'nous Pains,
And who the Venom caus'd alone
Can chaſe it from the ſcorching Veins;

Thus, Fair-one, thou'rt in Juſtice bound,
To eaſe the Anguiſh I endure;
Thou could'ſt alone inflict the Wound,
Thou canſt alone apply the Cure.

# ODE to CUPID.

Sent to CLEORA, on New-Years-Day, with WALLER's Poems.

I.

AH! tell me, *Cupid*, lovely Boy,
To eaſe a Wound thy Arrow gave
Wilt thou for once thy Hand employ,
And ſerve a Youth, who lives thy Slave?
No more the *Paphian* Shrines ſhall ſhew
They with unequal'd Luſtre glow:
Thy Altars ſhall thy Mother's Pride o'erturn,
To thee ſhall far more grateful Incenſe burn;
Great God of Love, vouchſafe to ſmile,
And thus I'll rear a nobler Pile.

II.

The ſacred *Myrtle* ſhall conſpire,
To kindle youthful *Hammond*'s Lyre:
Next, folded in a *Laurel* Shade,
I'll place the conſtant *Nut-brown* Maid---
Blooming in Verſe, for ever young;
As Fancy drew when *Prior* ſung.

Forſaken

Forſaken *Sapho*'s Song divine,
With *Willow* bound, ſhall deck the Shrine---
With *Roſes* wreath'd I'll crown the Lays
That *Granville* ſigh'd in *Mira*'s Praiſe---
In *Cypreſs* vaild I'll add to theſe
The mournful Notes of *Eloiſe*---
And *Cowley* too, whoſe Lines impart
The plaintive Sorrows of his Heart,
His *Swan-like* Muſe, that dying ſung ſo well,
Shall grace again that Fane at which he fell.

III.

And, tho' ſuch Off'rings well require
A Torch of bright *Promethean* Fire,
To raiſe a far more *brillant Flame*,
I'll ſoftly ſigh *Cleora*'s Name.---
Ah bear this Gift with rapid flight,
And place it in my Charmer's Sight;
Conceal my Name, but ſay I ſought,
To find an Emblem of her Thought---
The lovely Image to obtain,
Tell her how long I ſought in Vain,
'Till *Waller* ſhew'd his heav'nly Strain.

IV.

*Waller*---who tunes his matchleſs Song,
Soft as her Heart, and as her Reaſon ſtrong.

Where'er ſhe turns, each Gazer views
Her Motion graceful as his Muſe.
Were'er ſhe looks, what Heart denies,
His Fancy ſparkles in her Eyes?---
O then convey with choiceſt Care
This faithful Mirror of my Fair,
And ſoftly whiſper in her Ear,
I ſeal'd it with a Kiſs ſincere,
This Day, that *leads* the circling Year.

V.

Tell her that *Time* is jealous grown
I count my Life by her alone:
Her Abſence dares invade his Pow'r,
And turn a Minute to an Hour;---
For which, whene'er ſhe charms my Sight,
The hoary Tyrant's envious Spite
Makes Hours like Moments wing their flight.

VI.

This ſaid---Ah! gen'rous God, be kind,
And ſearch the Anſwer of her Mind.
If kind Reflection ſhou'd ſuggeſt,
Who 'tis that feels what you expreſs'd,
Wide ſpread thy Pinions, quickly fly,
And tell me that ſhe thinks, 'tis I.

VI.

But if (each Thought of me o'erthrown)
My *hapleſs Verſe* remains unknown:
Or if, by *fickle Fortune* fir'd,
She ſcorns to hear what you inſpir'd,
On *me alone* thy Vengeance fall,
And let my Woes attone for all!
Dying, my Soul this Suit prefers,
Tear, tear, my Breaſt---but pity her's!

## PSALM 57, PARAPHRAS'D.

I.

BE merciful, O GOD, and ſave
My Soul; in Thee her Truſt is plac'd;
Thy Wings for Shelter let me have,
Until this Tyranny be paſt.

II.

To Thee, who Help alone canſt lend,
Both *late* and *early* will I call:
Thou, from on high, ſhalt me defend
'Gainſt him, who would my Feet entral.

My

III.

My *Soul* is in the *Lion*'s Den,
(My Enemies are gather'd Round:)
Beſet with wicked Sons of Men,
Whoſe Tongues like Spears and Arrows wound.

VI.

LORD, to deliver me appear,
Above the Heav'n thy Beauties raiſe,
Thy *glorious Majeſty* uprear,
And o'er the Earth thy Brightneſs blaze.

V.

Maliciouſly their Snares they laid,
And to oppreſs me ſorely ſought
In vain---the LORD flew to my Aid,
And in the Snare themſelves are caught.

VI.

Oh! how ſhall I thy Goodneſs praiſe?---
The Heart, which Thou haſt ſav'd, receive!
Awake, my Lute! thy Raptures raiſe!
To GOD eternal Honors give!

VII.

Among the Nations will I ſing,
And with my Voice the *Temple* rend:
Thy Mercies reach to Heav'n, Great King,
Thy *Glories* to the *Clouds* extend.

In

VIII.

In full Effulgence, LORD, appear,
Above the Heav'ns thy Beauties raiſe!
Thy Glorious Majeſty uprear,
And o'er the Earth thy Brightneſs blaze!

## § LAVINIA to ÆGISTHUS.

SHUT from the World, and cloiſter'd from the Sun,
Ere half my Race of early Life is run,
Betray'd by hapleſs Love to endleſs Care,
Condemn'd to deep Diſtreſs, and dark Deſpair,
Why do I thus recal my fatal Woes,
Why, why by Recollection kill Repoſe?
---O Memory! Reviver of each Pain,
How long muſt I endure thy hated Reign?
Wilt thou for ever labor to renew
The pleaſing Hours, which once, alas! I knew?



§ The Circumſtances of this Piece are founded on Facts, to which the Author was privy; but he is obliged to conceal the real Names. The Lady, being unhappily diſappointed in her Paſſion, retired to a Convent, and to Heav'n conſecrated a Heart, which elſewhere could receive no Eaſe. ——The Sentiments (except the Epitaph) are taken from original Letters of her writing.

---Hours no more pleaſing---the dear Youth is gone,
And with him ev'ry Happineſs is flown.---
For ever muſt theſe Agonies remain,
Still muſt I wiſh for Eaſe, ſtill wiſh in vain?
Why could not Love, that Tyrant of my Heart,
Ceaſe his proud Reign, and with the Cauſe depart?
Why ſhould his Pleaſures but ideal be,
Yet all his Tortures prove----Reality?
---O come, thou firſt, thou beſt belov'd of Men,
Compoſe my raging Thoughts, and guide my Pen.
Teach me, like thee, to ſcorn theſe Frowns of Fate,
To laugh at Love, and all his idle State;
His ſoothing Joys without his Pains to feel;---
To this torn Breaſt that happy Art reveal.
Or, for theſe Pangs, which I thro' thee endure,
(Thou, who alone couldſt cauſe, alone canſt cure)
Teach me thy Loſs no longer to regret;
O teach that harder Science---to forget.
---He hears not, or regardleſs hears my Moan,---
Muſt I endure theſe Pangs, and I alone?
'Tis juſt I ſhould---my throbbing Sighs are vain;
I firſt indulg'd, and laſt ſhould feel the Pain.

TRANSPORTED thus, I've fail'd in my Deſign;
'Tis Paſſion, and not Reaſon paints the Line.

I meant

I meant to ſpeak the Virtues of his Youth,
His open Heart---his Honeſty and Truth.
He is too gen'rous to augment my Care,
Or raiſe a Sorrow, which he would not ſhare.

Ye blooming Nymphs, who feel Love's tender Flame,
May worth like his the riſing Tranſport claim!
Who dares each vicious Principle remove,
And ſcorns t'inſult the Heart he cannot love.
Be ſuch your Lot!---but ne'er like me to mourn
Or feel the Pains of Love without Return!

When this poor Form ſhall in Oblivion lye,
When Hope, and Fear, and Joy neglected dye,
If e'er in after-times ye chance to ſtray,
Where the tall *Elms* mark yonder gloomy Way,
Th' Inſcription read, which that moſt lov'd of Men
Has deign'd to dictate to my trembling Pen.

## EPITAPH.

*Beneath (O late Enjoyment!) ſleeps in Peace,*
*For the firſt Time, a young, unhappy Fair;*
*Bleſt was the Moment, when ſhe found this Eaſe,*
*Her firſt of Pleaſure, and her laſt of Care.*

*To*

*To One ill-omen'd Hour, and fatal Youth,*
*The undeſigning Author of her Woes,*
*She gave ('twas all ſhe had) unſpotted Truth,*
*And gain'd at length ('twas all ſhe ask'd) Repoſe.*

*No farther ſearch into her hapleſs Lot,*
*Nor blame the Failings of her guardleſs Bloom;*
*Since Love unſullied decks the hallow'd Spot,*
*And ſtainleſs Virtue conſecrates the Tomb.*

# TO ASPASIA,

## A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

*Hic Dies vere mihi feſtus atras*
*Eximet Curas* HORAT. Lib. 3. Od. 14.

WHAT, no unuſual ſplendid Ray?
No Blaze to uſher in the Day?
No brighter Sun to tell the Earth
This Morning gave *Aſpaſia* Birth?
No Glories more than common giv'n,
No Grace pecular from Heav'n?

No

No choral Songs, no Lay ſublime?
None, at this fair auſpicious Time?
---Imperfectly methought I ſaid,
By Fancy's airy Viſions led,---
When *Venus* to my dreaming Senſe
Appears, and thus rebukes me--- 'Hence,
'Thou idle, weak Complainant!---ceaſe---
'Nor tire the Pow'rs with Cries like theſe.
'What Blaze need uſher in the Morn,
'When Truth and Probity was born?
'*Aſpaſia* wants no Ray divine---
'Once form'd, ſhe ſelf-adorn'd doth ſhine.
'No bounteous Godhead of the Sky
'Was abſent, at her Birth, ſave I.
'*Minerva* gave her Store of Senſe,
'And (to diſplay it) Eloquence.
'*Cupid* beſtow'd a choſen Dart,
'And plac'd it very near her Heart,
'To fight, to conquer---or to move
'The jocund Soul to laughing Love.
'Majeſtic *Juno*'s Care ſupply'd
'Her tender Breaſt with honeſt Pride;
'Such Pride as teaches to ſubdue
'Each ſordid Art and gainful View;

'As bids us undiſdaining ſee
'Misfortune's Garb, and Poverty.
'Some Power of inferior Station
'Gave Meekneſs, Patience, Reſignation---
'Wiſtleſs to wrong, to pardon free,
'Heav'n's lovelieſt Child, Humanity;
'Stranger to Cenſure, or Caprice,
'Who into Virtue conſtrues Vice;
'For ever diligent to trace
'The faireſt Meaning of the Caſe;
'And deckt with Tears ſtill free to flow
'In pity to the Suff'rer's Woe.---
'Some wond'rous Virtues all have given,
'Sacred, and Favourites of Heaven;
'That wear their Glories in their Name,
'And want no Blazon to proclaim.
'Then, Mortal, thy Complaints give o'er---
'Hear---ſee---be ſilent, and adore!'

YET deign, fair Goddeſs, I rejoin'd,
To ſolve one Doubt within my Mind.
Whence is't, that on ſo ſweet, ſo fair
'Semblage of Qualities thus rare,
Thy beauteous Mark has not been ſet,
To make the Image quite compleat?

'Mortal,

'Mortal, had I my Pow'r employ'd,
'And ſuperadded *Beauty*'s Pride,
'The Form would much too fair have been,
'Too beauteous for the Sons of Men;
'Too rich for mortal Shape t'have guarded,
'Too good for Earth to have rewarded,
'Too great for future Bliſs t'have mended,
'And more than Woman was intended.'

She fled---and inſtant fled away
My Viſion.---I return'd to Day.
Then to *Aſpaſia* ran, to view
Whence *Fancy*'s Pen her Picture drew;
Where wrapt I ſtood in Bliſs extreme,
Surpriz'd to find, 'twas not a *Dream.*

## *To the* SAME. A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

I.

AS late in *Fancy*'s Lap entranc'd I lay,
Dozing my ſofter Hours away:
(Fairer than *Ida* was the Mount ſhe preſt,
In Nature's richeſt Verdure dreſt,
The Earth with roſeat Fragrance did abound,
And all methought was Paradiſe around;)
Array'd in Summer's faireſt Veſt,
A Nymph with tripping Motion came;
In gentle Accents, ſmiling ſhe addreſt
My liſt'ning Senſe---and *Fortune* was her Name.

II.

'Long has the cenſ'ring World my Pow'r deſpis'd,
'Of ev'ry Worth my Favor diſpoſſeſt,
'To prove me blind malicious Tales devis'd,
'And ſay, thro' me that Merit ne'er is bleſt.
Mortal, to thee, (nay ceaſe to bend)
'My Suit I make, and thy Aſſiſtance crave---
'My Honors to retrieve thy Influence lend,
'And from malicious Slander ſave.

'There

III.

'There is a Nymph (with Bluſhes I muſt own)
'To whom alas! too long I've been unknown:
'Who can my Gifts behold with unregarding Eyes,
'And *all* my Pow'r to harm defies.
'Some more than human Strength ſupports her Mind,
'Some Reſolution not to Earth confin'd;
'Alike eſteem'd my Favor and my Frown.

IV.

'One *Smile* from her would ſoon deſtroy
'*Malice* and *Envy*'s deadlieſt Rage;
'Would hebetate *fell Satire*'s keen Annoy,
'And all my Cares aſſuage.
'No more ſhould Men this partial Maxim mind,
'*Fortune is fickle, falſe, and blind,*
'But all ſhould own with Joy ſincere,
'Her Pow'r is fix'd, her Judgment clear,
'This Day that leads the circling Year.

V.

'Lo! what a *Garland* is before thee laid,
'Of Flowers cropt from *Nature*'s richeſt Tree!
'Beſtow them ALL on Honor's fav'rite Maid---
'Why doſt thou pauſe?---*Aſpaſia* muſt be ſhe.

'Behold this Branch of PLEASURE's *gilded Plant*,
'Whereon the Flow'r CONTENT doth grow!
'And here's AFFECTION's Leaf, of Sweetneſs nothing ſcant,
'Whence PEACE of MIND it's gentle Bud ſhall blow,

VI.

'Lo! here a flaunting Branch of WEALTH I've brought,
'*Plant*, that ſhall never ceaſe to bloom!
'(For which from Age to Age whole Worlds in Toil have ſought)
'With FRIENDSHIP's od'rous Sprig to lend divine Perfume;
'And here of LOVE, to crown it *all*,
'This middle Branch expanding, *fair*, and *tall*,
'Stole from the Youth, whom moſt the Virgin loves.

VII.

'With *awful Rev'rence*, at her Virtue's ſhrine
'Lowly preſent the fragrant Wreath;
'More to commend it, let no Praiſe be mine,
'Say *Fate*, not *Fortune* doth the Gift bequeath!
'Ah! ſhould ſhe *kindly* deign receive
'What I with more than duteous Pleaſure give,
'My Pow'r, my Honor ſhall for ay ſurvive.

VIII.

'Mortal in thee I muſt confide,
'In this thy ſtricteſt Faith be try'd!---

I bow'd

I bow'd, in Token of my promis'd Care,
And look'd Obedience---ere I had expreſt
My Thanks, thus honor'd with ſo fair Beheſt,
She vaniſh'd into Air.

IX.

The Garden, where I lay, now o'er and o'er
With curious Search I 'gan t'explore;
So rich a *Chaplet* to contain
A ſuited Cage to form all Art were vain.
Yet of the rareſt Twigs, the Muſe could find,
In *artful*, *plyant Foldings* twin'd,
A neat Receptacle (the beſt ſhe could) ſhe join'd,
That no *unhallow'd Touch* the *Garland* might prophane.

X.

ESTEEM his nervous *Stem* provides
The *Groundwork* to compoſe;
HONOR and faireſt TRUTH connect the ſinuous *Sides*;
While here and there, between the Chains,
FRATERNAL LOVE, (like Ore thro' Nature's richeſt Veins)
It's ſupple Sweetneſs ſhews.

XI.

MODESTY's tender Leaf o'ercover'd all,
Preſerving from inclement Air.---
Thus, well-ſecur'd, the Muſe ſhall lowly fall,

And

And *reverentially* preſent,
Regardful of the Goddeſs' great Intent,
With ſacred Wiſhes, and right faithful Pray'r.

XII.

O may this *Chaplet* heighten it's Perfume,
And Day by Day improve!
Each *Flow'r* contain'd each Moment richer ~~prove~~ *bloom*,
WEALTH, PLEASURE, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE!
Henceforth no *Blaſt*, no *Damp* come near,
But all in freſher Sweets enrob'd appear
Each Day that leads each circling Year!

## AMELIA to EUCRATES,

While on her Death-Bed.

ERE theſe ſad Lines arrive, which now I ſend
The fondeſt Huſband and the trueſt Friend,
Thoſe tender *Titles* will no longer prove
The *living Tokens* of our *mutual Love*;

No

* The Hint of this Piece is taken from a Letter in the SPECTATOR, To Colonel R. S. in SPAIN.——Which the Reader may find in VOL. 3, No. 204.

No more ſurvive.---For ſince that fatal Day,
When from my Boſom thou wert torn away
The *rigid Call* of Honor to obey,
My Malady's increas'd; my End I ſee:
And Health, and Joy, and Life, all fled with thee.

THAT fond Regard, I owe the beſt of Men,
Alone enables me to uſe my Pen;
The Pain to write I ſcarce can undergo,
And my Tears trickle where the Ink ſhou'd flow.
Yet the ſole Terror Death preſents to View,
Oh much-lov'd Conſort, is, to part from you.
Elſe wherefore ſhould I fear his ſure Beheſt?
---No unrepenting Folly loads my Breaſt;
No Guilt inexpiate I leave behind,
No vicious Love, that dares *pollute* my Mind.
But in reflecting on thoſe tender Hours,
When Love, and Peace, and Happineſs were ours,
I re-enjoy our ev'ry *Pleaſure* paſt;
And ſigh, to think they can no longer laſt.
---Is this a Crime? to wiſh their laſting Stay,
And ſtrive to put the Stroke of Death away?
No---ſure 'tis Piety's and Virtue's Taſk,
For ſuch Enjoyments Length of Days to aſk;

Thoſe rapt'rous Moments once more to redeem,
When Love, and Love alone was *all* our Theme;
When ſocial Tenderneſs approv'd the Flame,
And Friendſhip ſanctify'd a Huſbands Name.

SINCE 'tis not ours t'explore the Work of Fate,
But deſcant darkly on that future State,
Where Vice ſhall meet it's due proportion'd Pain,
And Virtue laſting Happineſs attain,
Why may we not *(t'alleviate the Strife*
*'Twixt Hope and Fear, when we reſign this Life,)*
At leaſt indulge a Wiſh, that we may know,
Each Stroke that's aim'd at Mortals here below?
And be employ'd perhaps, to guide their Ways,
With whom in Life we paſs'd our guiltleſs Days?
---May I, o'er thee a Guardian *Angel* plac'd,
Unſeen, allay the Conflicts in thy Breaſt!
No more, as now, a *weak* and *fearful* Mate,
To *ſigh*, and *wiſh* away the Stroke of Fate;
But meet Misfortune with undaunted Eye,
Ruſh *boldly* on, and Death's worſt Pow'r defy!
Incapable of Wound thy Steps attend,
Thy lovely Face in *Battle* to defend!
To view each threat'ning Danger from afar,
And ſhield thee in the dreadful Hour of War!

Or,

Or, when a Fever rages thro' the Veins,
Torn, and inflam'd with agonizing Pains,
Obſequious to tend the gloomy Bed,
And, in the drooping Moment, raiſe thy Head;
Infuſe the *Balm* of *Patience* in thy Breaſt,
In *Slumber* cloſe thine Eyes, and watch thy Reſt!
No greater Happineſs can I implore;
Be this my future Lot!---I aſk no more.

By theſe Ideas to my Fate reſign'd,
I *ſmile* at Death, and cheer my languid Mind.
But Oh! *your* Torture, when you muſt deplore
Your loſt *Amelia*---your's alas! no more!---
Revives my Torment, tears my lab'ring Heart;
Now, now I feel what Anguiſh 'tis to part!
*Your* Woes alone *too fatally* declare
That Death has Terrors, and that I can fear!

But hold---my Tenderneſs has rais'd a Pain,
Which in oblivion ever ſhould remain.
Be dumb my Love!---yet can I give relief,
Or waft one Comfort to aſſuage thy Grief!
No---Conſolation will in Vain be ſent
By her whoſe Loſs your gen'rous Tears lament.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then---in *Silence* be my Pains expreſt!
My Moments now are ſhort---Oh! gueſs the reſt---
If I'm myſelf, my lateſt Breath ſhall flow
In Pray'rs for thee---the leaſt of what I owe.
No more thy *much-lov'd* Image ſhall I view;
No longer ſigh, my *Life*, my *Soul*, Adieu!

## * BELVIDERE, (a POEM) addreſt to ETHELINDA.

*Fortunati ambo! ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,*
*Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*

VIRG. Æn. 2. 446.

AWHILE forego your darling Seat,
Hither from *Henry*'s Breaſt retreat,
Candor, Humanity, and Friendſhip dear!
While, by your Aid, and in your Praiſe,
The grateful Note I ſtrive to raiſe,
To Virtue, Love, Content, and *Belvidere*.

Graces

* The Name of a Gentleman's Seat in the County of KILKENNY in IRELAND.

II.

Graces, that *warm* and *glad* the Heart,
To me your brighteſt Force impart,
The Worth I know ah! let me *truly* tell!
Well may ye deign my Pray'r to hear,
Full well, I wot, ye *all* are near,
For where your *Henry* is, ye ſurely dwell.

III.

*Henry*, who bids my Heart to glow
With Pity, for the Suff'rer's Woe,
And to the Shiv'ring Wretch Relief extend,
Shall I not joy to ſpeak his Praiſe,
Who well might merit better Lays,
My *Guardian*, *Guide*, *Philoſopher*, and *Friend!*

IV.

Not his the Pride of ſhining Spires,
*(Uneaſy Seat of high Deſires)*
Nor glitt'ring Pomp of Equipage and Shew!
But his, to feel the Stranger's Sigh,
To wipe the trickling aged Eye,
And from the grief-ſwoln Boſom baniſh Woe.

V.

The Spot which Nature's ſelf did frame,
(Ere Art to her Aſſiſtance came,)

Blooming *Hygea*'s beſt-belov'd Retreat,
Is, by his free unſparing Hand,
Become rich Bounty's fav'rite Land,
And Charity's thrice hoſpitable Seat.

VI.

While yet it ruſtles thro' the Trees,
Quick let me catch the Morning Breeze,
And, ere it flies, enjoy the wholeſome Gale!
Proſtrate thy *Belvidere* beſide,
Applaud the Mountain's lofty Pride,
Or praiſe the *humble Glories* of the *Vale!*

VII.

Now, in the bright *meridian Blaze*,
Soft let me ſhun the ſcorching Rays,
With *Henry*'s Worth domeſtic Hours employ!
Behold him, with *delighted Gaze*,
From Miſ'ry's Gripe the Orphan raiſe,
And teach the Widow's Heart to ſing for Joy.

VIII.

Or in the length'ning Shades of Night,
(The Landſcape glimm'ring on the Sight)

Her *palid Queen* with Rev'rence let me greet!
While from above yon *azure Hills*,
With ſolemn Joy my *Soul* ſhe fills,
And the dank * *Nore* ſlow murmurs at my Feet.

IX.

While yet the Infant Structure ſmil'd,
Thus *Henry* ev'ry Care beguil'd,
(Thro' Acts long paſt Poetic thought can rove,)
'Child of my Hopes, auſpicious riſe,
'Omen of many future Joys!
'And ſacred Reſt to *Ethelinda*'s Love!'

X.

The *Walls*, which Virtue thus did raiſe,
*Now vocal with their Maker*'s *Praiſe*,
Full ſore, I ween, the Grief that dare intrude!
Yet the ſhak'd Head, and ſtifled ſigh,
Withouten Words, th' Approach deſcry
Of Care that *ſwells* the Heart, and Sorrow rude.

XI.

How little ah! would Care avail,
Or dire Misfortune's worſt Aſſail,

Could

* The Name of a River that runs through the County.

499

Could *Henry*, *Ethelinda*'s Grief remove!
On her is fix'd the *languid Eye*,
For her up-riſes ev'ry Sigh,
As *all* his Joys are center'd in her Love.

XII.

While thus enwrapt in Thought I ſtray,
Methinks I hear a Spirit ſay,
'Here Virtue dwells, and will forever reſt;
'But varies her unſettled Feet,
'Nor yet can fix her laſting Seat,
'Till with her *Ethelinda*'s Preſence bleſt.

XIII.

'She *Henry*'s Heart with Love can warm,
'With native Elegance can charm,
'And add to Beauty Graces more refin'd;
'With Converſe ſenſible and gay.
'Can ſmile domeſtic Hours away,
'And *calm* the *riſing Tumults* in his Mind.

XIV.

Tho' now thoſe honeſt Joys deny'd,
Be Hope, my Fair, thy conſtant Guide!
The Time will come, to chace thy preſent Woes,
When Love ſo perfect, Truth ſo bright
As thine and *Henry*'s muſt unite,
And dwell for aye, in undiſturb'd Repoſe.

XV.

The youngling Muſe a Moment ſpare,
That now he drops a ſilent Tear,
And ſoftly ſighs his lov'd *Amaſia*'s Name---
Forgive---o'erlook the tender Line,
That mingles other Praiſe with thine,
But my Heart ſwells to own her early Claim.

XVI.

Such, ſuch as thine her blooming Youth,
Her Virtue, Tenderneſs, and Truth,
If Virtue ſuch as thine be found on Earth;
Humanity and Honor join'd
To form a great and humble Mind,
And Goodneſs' ſelf was proud to ſpeak her Worth.

XVII.

From Virtue ſuch as her's to part,
*While in the foldings of my Heart*
*She liv'd with Life, and far the dearer ſhe,*
How hard!---yet robb'd, by cruel Pow'r,
Of Love's aſſuaſive, ſofter Hour,
She lives (ah! cruel Stars!) no more for me.

## XVIII.

O let me then admire in thee,
What my *Amasia* us'd to be,
With my Soul's Hope thy gen'rous Wishes join!
May thy own *Henry* waft a Part
Of that vaft Worth, which fills his Heart,
And be a fecond *Ethelinda* mine!

***FINIS.***

BRITISH MUSEUM 14 JY 77

Subfcribed fince the Liſt was compleated
Miſs Polly Loggan
Thomas Newburgh, Eſq;

***ERRATUM.***

Page 32, the laſt Line, *for* pecular, *read* peculiar.